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GOP: Old Guard in the Saddle

by Helen Fuller

United Nations: East and West

by Edward Montgomery

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Wanted: A Policy

THE REAL TEST of American policy toward Argentina is yet to come. The decision of President Truman to appoint an ambassador to Argentina is in itself meaningless, for through all the ups and downs of our dealings with the tyrants of the Rio de la Plata we have maintained the fiction of formal diplomatic relations. The dispatch of George Messersmith to Buenos Aires as American plenipotentiary reflects only the Administration's acceptance of the obvious fact that in a reasonably honest election, the Argentines elected Juan Peron their president. If Assistant Secretary of State Braden has his way, the United States will continue to demand of Peron that he honor the obligations which Argentina cynically and insincerely assumed last year at the Conference of Foreign Ministers of the American Republics in Chapultepec and in joining the United Nations.

The aim of this country's Argentine policy now is to force Peron to give up the German Nazi advisers with whom he has surrounded himself. The chief of these is Ludwig Freude, described in the Blue Book issued on February 11 as "chairman of the Working Committee of the German Community" in Buenos Aires throughout World War II. The club which the United States intends to use in order to force Peron to fire Freude and Company is the threat that we will sign a pact of Inter-American solidarity with Argentina only after Peron has put the Buenos Aires Nazis out to grass.

The hazard ahead for realization of this policy is that the other American Republics are inclined to accept Peron, Nazis and all. The United States has made an acceptable case against Peron, but it has disclosed to the rest of the Western Hemisphere that we are unable to follow through on the case we have made and at the same time have not offered to the other American Republics an intelligent program which can improve their lot economically and socially. At a time when the cry is for "one world," we want to hold the hemisphere politically isolated from the rest of the globe. And at a time when international problems have their roots in economic and social frustrations, we intend to offer the other American Republics only a chance to subscribe to a treaty of general mutual military and diplomatic assistance.

The matter of chief concern to the State Department today is the spread westward both of the influence of Russia as a state and of communism as a theory. Concern over that phenomenon impels us above everything else in the development of policy toward Peron. Braden and his successor, Nelson Rockefeller, are alike in their distaste for communism. Rockefeller sought to offset its influence with Peron by making overtures to the Argentine dictator. Braden sought to offset its influence in Argentina by inviting the people to tie the can to Peron. Both Rockefeller and Braden failed—Rockefeller in that Peron tried to use both him and Russia, and Braden in that Argentina embraced Peron in spite of Braden's warnings.

The defeat which Braden has suffered is the more interesting, because in some respects it repeats the reverses suffered by the United States when it has tried to offset Russian or communistic influence in other parts of the world. We have loudly protested the Russian actions in Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary and Poland, and each cry from us only inspires Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary and Poland to cling more closely to Russia. We have bemoaned the progress of the Communists in France and Italy, and as we lament, the Communists in those Western European countries grow in number. If the basis of our policy is to continue to be a matter of rivalry with Russia and communism for favor, at the same time that we try to establish a basis of coöperation with Russia within the United Nations, we shall have to learn how to be of real benefit to the people in those countries for whom Russia and communism have an understandable appeal.

It is time that the United States awoke to the truths that nothing is gained for us *vis-à-vis* Russia by "getting tough," nor is anything gained by citing to hungry men and women the glories of the U. S. Constitution, of individual liberty and of free enterprise. Furthermore, it is time for the United States to realize that,

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unless it wants to settle its rivalry with Russia by war, it needs to search for a means of working with, not against, Russia in improving the lot of the poorest people in the hungry countries of our own and the Eastern Hemisphere.

The State Department obviously has not awakened to those truths. This is made clear by the choice of George Messersmith as ambassador. Messersmith has a certain superficial political sapience that is rare enough in the circle which produced him, the Foreign Service. Adolf Hitler had scarcely become Chancellor of Germany when Messersmith, U. S. consul general in Berlin, was warning Washington against him. "If this government remains in power for another year . . . it will go far toward making Germany a danger to world peace for years to come," Messersmith wrote about the Nazi government on June 26, 1933, in a dispatch to William Phillips, Undersecretary of State. But Messersmith seems totally ignorant of how a great power can helpfully intervene in the

Leon Blum on France

. . . Perhaps France is not the European nation which suffers the most, but nevertheless her situation is extremely difficult and so precarious that it might even become tragic if Allied help were lacking.

Of all the countries in the world, France is the one in which bread is the staple food, yet in the beginning of the year we were forced to make further cuts in bread rations. Today, this daily ration is very small, 300 grams (10½ ounces), and we would not even be able to maintain this ration until the new harvests if we were not receiving large shipments of wheat.

For several months past it has been impossible to distribute potato rations in large cities. When I left France, the weekly meat ration amounted to 100 grams (3½ ounces), including bone and fat, and I know that rations have not been increased since. I believe that our rations of fats are as scant as in any nation of Europe today. . . .

Our food situation will improve if the next crops are adequate, but on the other hand a problem like the coal situation, for example, will be aggravated as our general situation improves. Indeed, as we gradually attain normal production, we will need more and more coal. Already our own mines have regained normal prewar production figures, and consequently to supply our ever increasing needs we will have to resort to imports. I must point out that when I mention imports I do not mean imports of American coal, for we realize that this would be an unreasonable economic operation, considering the high cost of American coal in France. Mostly we are thinking of German coal and one of the essential aims of my mission is to ask the United States Government for support so that when coal production increases in the Ruhr basin, anything that exceeds Germany's vital needs will be distributed, preferably among nations whose internal economy has been destroyed and ruined by the German aggression.

It is also obvious that we have come to ask the United States for credits. I said credits and not a loan, for this is not a question of a loan, properly speaking. We need American goods and are asking the United States to give us this merchandise on credit.

Why do we need this merchandise? Because not only do we need food . . . but also raw materials (such as cotton and petroleum, to mention the two most important) and machinery to help us rebuild and modernize our industries.

There is something very special about our case. Our industry and agriculture must be entirely reorganized if France is to recover so that she can produce under normal conditions, and resume her place in international trade.

. . . Certain nations which took part in the war received some compensation. In other words their collective efforts were methodically centered on greater production. They were able to use technical and scientific discoveries which always develop at a speedy tempo in time of war. This makes for highly improved production, and once the war is over the nation's production machinery has benefited fully. But just the contrary happened in France. . . . We know full well that the efforts entailed in the task of reconstructing along modern lines is incumbent on us.

We are not asking to be excused from this task; we are asking to be assisted in it. . . . The French people are hard at work and want to accomplish even more. It is not the will to work which is lacking, but in a very large measure raw materials and tools and machinery. . . . It is not the will to work which is lacking in France, nor courage, and I can furnish proof of this.

France has had a new government ever since January; and the strength of this new government is due in part to the bluntness and strictness with which it expressed itself before the elected Assembly and public opinion, and in part to the severe sacrifices which it immediately asked of the country. Its initial measures, especially those concerning the reduction of military credits, have already reduced by half our budget deficit. And the only items which figure today on our deficit are neither permanent nor normal: they are expenditures entailed by the settlement of the wartime emergencies and by reconversion. In all other respects the French budget is now balanced.—*Leon Blum at a press conference in Washington, April 2.*

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affairs of another power in a manner calculated so to improve the lot and disposition of the people of the second power that they will not be inclined to accept tyranny and support totalitarianism. The career of Messersmith as ambassador to Mexico emphasized that weakness. In these days it can be fatal to the long-term interests of the United States.

Farmers and Inflation

The Russell amendment, adopted by the Senate last week as a rider to the minimum-wage bill, would destroy the Administration's program of economic stabilization if it became law. On its face, this amendment simply provides for a change in the method of calculating parity prices for farm products. The immediate result, however, would be to raise the prices of wheat, corn and cotton about 33 percent. All farm prices taken together would go up about 20 percent and retail food prices, at the very least, 15 percent. In addition, of course, textile and clothing prices would be affected.

According to the Russell amendment, parity should be recalculated to make allowance for the wages of farm labor, including the unpaid labor of the farm operator and his family. The Secretary of Agriculture has pointed out that this change in the parity formula would probably work to the disadvantage of the farmer as well as of other groups in the community. Farm wage rates fall rapidly in time of depression, and their inclusion in the parity index would depress farm prices in bad times just as it increases them in good times. The Russell amendment would have reduced parity in about half of the last thirty-five years, if it had been in effect. Any measure that intensifies fluctuations of farm income is of very dubious benefit to farmers.

The Russell amendment is identical with the Pace bill (HR 754), which has already passed the House. President Truman has announced that he will veto the minimum-wage legislation if it comes to him with this rider attached.

The Monopolists Forge Ahead

The old silk-hatted octopus of special privilege is quietly at work again in Washington. Administration and congressional foes of trusts, monopolies and cartels were wiping the octopus ink from their eyes this week —with little help from progressives inside or outside the capital to encourage them—and looking apprehensively at three developments.

Item: The Kilgore Committee request for $57,000 to continue for nine months its fight on cartels was cut, by the Audit and Control Committee, to $18,000. But $18,000 is nothing, compared to the huge mass of captured German documents yet to be investigated.

Item: The House Appropriations Committee cut $200,000 from the budget request of the Anti-Trust Division, and criticized it acidly as well, "at a time," as Wendell Berge commented, "when vigorous enforcement of the anti-trust laws is more important than at any other time in our history."

Item: The million-dollar railroad lobby was working hard and hopefully in the justified expectation that the Bulwinkle bill, to exempt transportation industries from anti-trust laws, will be reported out favorably by the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee this week.

Most of the press and most of the progressives who might exert pressure have been ignoring the danger signals. The Kilgore funds face a floor fight to survive at all. Only a little platoon of Senators, led by Wayne Morse, seems to remember enough of the subcommittee's brilliant work to take on Brooks, Bridges and Wherry in the conflict that will be necessary to enable the Kilgore group to get out a full report.

If you have forgotten, the Kilgore Committee's investigations led to the setting up of the OWM and the OWMR, gave the impetus for executive action on cartel investigations, revealed the pattern of German economic warfare here and in South America as well as Germany's prodigious power for conversion to a war economy, fed the Anti-Trust Division material for a dozen cases now pending and worked out the compromise measure for a National Scientific Foundation.

Spring House Cleaning—or Whitewash?

Shortly after Vice Admiral Emory S. Land resigned his position last January as chairman of the U. S. Maritime Commission, the Comptroller General reported to Congress that nearly $6 billion in public funds had been improperly accounted for in the Commission's financial statement for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1943. At the same time charges were renewed

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

One World

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in Congress that the Commission's expenditure of more than $21 billion during the war had resulted in fabulous profits for the shipowners, at public expense.

Reports from Washington last week indicated that a determined effort now is being made to have President Truman ask for the resignation of Commissioner John M. Carmody. The law requires that no more than three of the five members of the Maritime Commission may belong to the same political party. The President has announced the appointment of Rear Admiral Earl W. Mills to take Land's place, but Admiral Mills cannot take his position because Carmody and two other Commissioners are registered Democrats, and so is Mills. If Carmody leaves, Mills can become chairman.

The move to oust Carmody at this time is especially significant because it was this Commissioner who, throughout the war, carried on a single-handed battle within the Commission against the very policies now under fire by the Comptroller General and by crusading members of Congress.

What will be the style this spring: a thorough housecleaning or just another whitewash job?

Negroes and Group Health

For the first time in the history of the nation's capital, Negroes, who make up one-quarter of its population, will have the opportunity to enjoy the same comprehensive, high-quality medical care and hospital protection that 3,100 federal employees and their families have enjoyed for the past ten years through the Group Health Association. By a vote of 1,133 to 528, the members of the Group Health Association have extended a welcome to the Negroes. The motion regarding their inclusion contained the provision that no racial discrimination would be made with regard either to individual or to group admissions. It is believed that this is the first provision of its kind.

Two years ago this proposal was rejected by the Group Health Association Board, partly because of fear that Negroes are not good physical risks. However, officials of Group Health have cited medical evidence to prove that susceptibility to disease is an economic rather than a racial factor. The problem now is the racial-segregation policy of Washington hospitals.

What Future for FM?

Since its introduction in 1940, FM broadcasting has repeatedly been hailed as "radio's second chance." The numerous new stations it will spawn promise a relief from both program monotony and network monopoly. The Federal Communications Commission has announced on numerous occasions that it would take steps to ensure diversified ownership and encourage newcomers. It proposed to reserve 20 channels for distribution after veterans have had a chance to apply and after the number of sets in use would make the enterprise feasible for small business. Shortly after V-J Day, however, quietly and without explanation, it yielded to network pressure and dropped this plan, adopting instead a diametrically opposed "grandfather clause" which gives existing amplitude-modification stations a practically automatic grant of an FM frequency. As a result, 70 percent of the FM grants made thus far have been to existing licensees. And of the newcomers, two-thirds are newspapers.

Under the leadership of Senator Glen Taylor of Idaho, the Senate Small Business Committee last week charged that the FCC has thus far betrayed the public's high hopes for a democratically controlled FM industry. Supporting, in general, the dissenting opinions of FCC Commissioner Clifford J. Durr, the committee urged the industry to revert to its original plan to reserve frequencies, in order to hold the door open to small business and veterans. The report, entitled "Small Business Opportunities in FM Broadcasting," states:

> This year is crucial for FM. Upon the licensing policies pursued by the FCC depends the pattern of radio's future. That pattern can conform to the American ideal of independent, competitive small business enterprise, the ownership of which is so widely scattered that there can be no danger of cartelization of the media of public information, or it can develop into a monopoly situation. . . . The Commission is thus given the affirmative power to preserve the meaning of the Bill of Rights in an age of electronics. . . . Radio will benefit by the energy and vigor of those who enter on a small scale with ambitions to grow. Conversely, it will suffer if, during the next few years, it becomes merely the dumping ground for investment-thirsty capital accumulated in other fields.

The Real Spanish Issue

LIKE THE RUSSIANS, who wanted to solve their Iranian problem pretty much by themselves, it is clear that both London and Washington want to keep the Spanish problem to themselves, too. In neither case have these dominant world powers shown any keen desire to let the United Nations really take hold. From that standpoint, the New York sessions of the Security Council carry the implicit warning that we all have a long way to go before the United Nations can become the true peace-keeping body to which we have given so much lip-service. The Council probably will have decided its course on Spain by the time this reaches print. But there is one point that already is worth noting. The Polish charges, indirect as they were, that Nazi scientists were carrying on scientific research—later described by the Poles as referring to atomic energy—produced big headlines. In fact, they were first boosted along and then considerably toned down

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by our own State Department. The charges, obviously, were so packed with drama that they became almost the sole issue by which the Polish indictment was to be judged.

That was unfortunate. For the case against Franco Spain lies deeper than its physical threat to the world, important although this is in an atomic age. It lies essentially in righting a great wrong that the whole world did, primarily through the League of Nations, to the Spanish people. And it lies, too, in eliminating a focus of fascist infection that, so long as it exists, continues its ideological threat to the democratic nations.

The lack of righteous wrath against fascism in our own country and Great Britain has become commonplace since the end of the war. It was the great wartime enemy for whose destruction we were supposedly ready to fight to the death; its outline has become hazy now that our great peacetime dread has shifted to a fear of Left or "Communist-dominated" governments. That is at the heart of our wishy-washy Spanish policy. We are hung up on the horns of a dilemma that would not exist if we had the courage to believe in our own democracy. Whether or not Nazi scientists are at work in Spain, on the atom bomb or anything else, is secondary. What is important is that we shall not, through our own lack of faith, encourage fascists everywhere to hang on—until once more we are looking the other way.

A Fake Minimum Wage

SEVEN MILLION wage earners out of 10 million now making less than 65 cents an hour were refused an increase to about $1,300 a year last week when the Senate amended the Pepper minimum-wage bill until it was justly called a "legislative cadaver." Considering cost-of-living increases, the three million actually would get little more than a 10-cent increase over the present 40-cent minimum wage.

When this bill, which is supposed to strengthen the obsolete Fair Labor Standards Act, was sent to the House this week, proponents saw only three improvements: nominally, it raises the minimum wage from 40 to 65 cents an hour; it covers seamen, who have long been among the lowest-paid groups in our economy; and it corrects the flaw, brought out by the Supreme Court decision in the Western Union case, by prohibiting exploitation of child labor in any activity affecting commerce.

Far outweighing the improvements are the crippling measures which cotton-belt Democrats and Midwestern Republicans succeeded in adding. The Senate (1) passed the Russell-Pace farm-parity amendment; (2) struck out the clause which would have raised the minimum wage to 70 cents after the first two years and to 75 cents thereafter; (3) defeated the provision which would have allowed industry committees to recommend increases above 65 cents prior to the time higher rates would have gone into effect automatically; (4) exempted from minimum wage and overtime employees of intra-state retailers who have not over 25 percent of their business in non-retailing (out-of-state); (5) transferred the determination of the area of production from the Wages and Hours Administrator to the Secretary of Agriculture; (6) gave the President the right to suspend operation of minimum-wage-and-hour provisions in an emergency.

With President Truman's threat of a veto if the farm-parity rider stays in, House Democratic leaders offered a compromise to Representative Pace. An agreement was finally reached to have Pace's farm-parity bill voted on as a separate issue. The House, in past years, has twice passed such a measure. Now the House Labor Committee, and later the Conference Committee, have a justifiable reason for dropping the rider from the minimum-wage bill.

Although the coalition between Southern Democrats and Republicans is notably stronger in the House than in the Senate, 68 House Democrats, headed by Representatives Hook and Outland, have organized a drive to pass a more liberal minimum-wage bill. They hope the final measure will cover workers in a wide variety of agricultural and fish-processing and canning enterprises, as well as seamen. Democratic leaders are optimistic that pressure from low-wage earners, most prevalent in the South, and from farmers, who know that better incomes mean better markets for farm products, will force the House to pass a more acceptable minimum-wage bill.

Herblock in the Washington Post

"That's a Joke, Son—You Don't Seem to Get It."

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Washington Wire

We Eat and Others Starve

I KEEP COMING back to food. I keep thinking about those closed doors over in the Department of Agriculture where the British, American and Canadian members of the Combined Food Board are meeting. They are having a grim job right now. They are allocating starvation. There isn't enough food to go around and millions of people (I guess I could write "tens of millions") are going to die. The Combined Food Board has the job of deciding who will die, because it distributes the food. It's as simple as that.

Things are not going too well within the Combined Food Board. The British are increasingly shocked at American complacency. That is the real meaning behind the challenging offer of Clement Attlee to President Truman to impose bread rationing if the United States will do likewise. What preceded this offer, I understand, was an American suggestion which would have meant in effect that the British pull in their belts another notch. To some Englishmen it seemed like unmitigated gall. Britain and Canada tightened their food restrictions after the war, you remember, just at the time that we were impetuously scrapping ours.

Another thing is burning up the British and Canadians. About a month and a half ago General MacArthur realized that he faced famine in Japan. He put in his requisition for 1.5 million additional tons of grain cereals just about the time the full extent of the Indian drought became known. Japanese food control has been mismanaged. General MacArthur turned the job over to local authorities who either couldn't or wouldn't do it. The black market is rampant. Remember this as you eat your next chocolate sundae: they are already collecting mulberry leaves, acorns and seaweed in Japan against the famine that will be acute there this summer.

Here roughly is the famine schedule:

In China famine has started. People are eating grass there now, and dying. It will be a lot worse. Practically nothing can be done about it. Transportation is the problem. It's probably best not to think about it. They are going to starve there—period.

India comes next. Famine time there is about June 30. Here's an interesting little equation. India ought to have (I almost wrote "must" have, but again, that's beside the point) at least two million extra tons of grain by June 30. After that you can count on about 10 people dying for each ton missing. It's now expected India will get only about 60 percent of the amount. You can work out the rest of the equation for yourself.

Then comes Europe. Mass deaths probably won't occur in Europe. I mean by that you probably won't find corpses in the gutters. Hunger and malnutrition will take off the old, and rickets will get the younger children, and the babies of course will die, too. A lot of the ice cream we are eating in America could be used for evaporated milk that would save the children, but the Administration hasn't got around to doing anything about that yet. It is still obsessed with the Hoover-Anderson theory that this is a 90-day crisis. More than anything else it was this theory that caused Herbert Lehman to quit UNRRA. He and officials of the "Food for Freedom" group call it a two-year crisis. They think the situation will be as bad, or worse, in some sections next year as now.

At about this point I should drop this subject and turn to something else, for variety. But I can't. As I say, I keep coming back to food. The thought of those men up there in the Combined Food Board, allocating starvation, fascinates me. I wonder how it feels, picking and selecting countries on the map, knowing that a pinprick means a million lives saved here, a million lives lost there.

Then, too, Mr. LaGuardia is pointing out that UNRRA food shipments in March declined again. The United States has done a lot, more than any other country, and the Truman Administration has, I think, tried hard, but America just isn't living up to her commitments. The public looks to Washington for leadership, and isn't getting it. It is listening for a clarion call, but maybe the man who could give it is dead. As long ago as last December Mr. Lehman warned of the impending grain shortage. Mr. Truman and his reluctant Secretary of Agriculture, Clinton Anderson, finally acted, but even now it seems clear that their expedient of voluntary rationing (a), isn't working and (b), isn't enough.

America's present ice-cream consumption tops all records. As for bread, the president of the American Baking Association is quoted as saying that bread usage is 15 percent over the 1945 level. For the first three months of this year American UNRRA wheat shipments were 313,000 tons short. And just to wind up the statistics, the Washington *Post* got curious the other day about the effectiveness of voluntary rationing and instituted a poll: it concluded that only about 17 percent of the families here are eating less bread, about 10 percent are saving fat.

Mr. Truman is a warm-hearted man. But he sometimes speaks without thinking. At his press conference last week he set straight an earlier slip about the poll tax, only to make another blunder in indicating that the famine situation looks brighter—with better rains. But in India rain that falls on already blackened crops doesn't help much.

Well, why worry? After all, you can count on the Combined Food Board doing a good job, allocating starvation. Meanwhile we have our ice cream. Herbert Hoover says 20 million children in Europe need food, but can one reasonably ask the public to see that ice cream is diverted to evaporated milk that could be sent them? As for direct rationing, congressmen tell me it's quite impossible till after the November elections.

So let's forget about it, friends. Let's remember Dean Swift's ironical proposal in another famine, that the Irish parents eat their own children. That would solve everything. As for me, I'll take a famine sundae, please, a double helping of ice cream . . . with a little grated seaweed, acorns and mulberry leaves on top.

Washington T. R. B.

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Political Roundup

Precarious Unity

BOTH DEMOCRATIC and Republican National Committees are doing everything they can to preserve unity and harmony in their respective parties—at least until after the coming congressional elections. Democratic Chairman Hannegan has abased himself before the angry group of Southern congressmen who demanded his apology for the *Democratic Digest* article labeling their votes for the Case bill as "against the American people." Hannegan is entertaining congressmen in small groups at a series of weekly "harmony" buffet suppers in the hope of tying the errant Southerners more tightly to the party leadership. The hospitality is a bit self-conscious, and the Southerners keep making cracks about Hannegan's being tied to the coattails of the CIO. But the old lines look as if they will hold firm, at least through this campaign.

The Republican National Committee is going on just as it was before the election of the new GOP chairman, Carroll Reece, pretending that it doesn't know that the so-called Willkie wing of the party is entering its own slates in congressional races wherever it can find candidates of its convictions willing to run. To preserve the appearance of unity, the National Committee is even bending so far backward that it is planning to run an article about Stassen's Open Forum organization in the *Republican News*.

Wisconsin. – Wisconsin liberals have become accustomed to adversity in recent years. Time after time, their efforts to unite the progressive forces of the state into one political organization have flopped. Now many of Wisconsin's New Deal leaders are convinced that Senator Robert La Follette's decision to return to the Republican Party will destroy any chance of uniting Wisconsin liberals for many years more unless Bob La Follette is eliminated from public life. Howard McMurray, Democratic nominee for the Senate in 1944, voiced the disappointment of many in his statement following the last Progressive convention which voted to dissolve the party: "It was a delegation of old people forced to come together to perform an unpleasant duty in order to salvage, if possible, the political life of United States Senator Robert M. La Follette Jr.

"The veteran delegates who spoke all opposed the decision and every representative of organized labor opposed the decision, but these old people, after being forced into the position by the Senator himself, decided to forget their integrity and try to be expedient.

"It is my opinion that this will prove to have been poor expediency."

As a result of this move, watch for the Democratic Party to run a complete slate of state and national candidates this year, with good liberals in almost all the races. In past years in Wisconsin, the practice has been for the Democrats and the Progressives to divide up the available offices prior to election time in order to prevent the Republicans from making a clean sweep on the divide-and-rule principle. New Deal Democrats will explain that their only course now is to fight for a complete slate of their own if Wisconsin is not to become a one-party state again and is ever to have any liberal influence in national affairs.

Much will depend on which primary—the Democratic or the Republican—labor will choose. There will be many contests between liberals and conservatives in the Democratic primaries. If labor decides that it must vote in these elections in order to save its friends from defeat, it cannot then enter the GOP primary also, so Bob LaFollette may be eliminated by another Republican on August 13.

Illinois. – The first of the 1946 congressional primaries, held in Illinois last week, do not furnish much of a guide as to what to expect generally this year. With no gubernatorial or senatorial race scheduled, the vote was abnormally light, even for a non-presidential election year. There were practically no contests at all in the Democratic primaries. Even in counties which usually produce six or seven-way fights for sheriff, there was a single agreed-upon Democrat on the ballot. Democrats are consoling themselves by pointing out that, considering this situation, they did very well. Almost 500,000 Democrats came out to vote for Emily Taft Douglas for Representative-at-large, even though she was unopposed. Representatives Melvin Price and Alexander Resa, outstanding liberals in the delegation, who had been thought in danger, polled proportionately more votes than they did in 1944 against their Republican opposite numbers. Price made an especially strong showing.

But the Chicago *Tribune* and Colonel McCormick are crowing over victories of two of their pets. William Straton, an old associate of Stephen A. Day and the McCormick isolationists, took the Republican nomination for Representative-at-large by more than a ten-to-one vote over his closest opponent. All the Republicans together, according to still incomplete returns, polled over 50,000 votes more than Emily Douglas. Another McCormick favorite, former Representative Fred E. Busbey, who is remembered for his campaign against the CIO-Political Action Committee, won the Republican nomination for his old seat in the Third District by more than fifteen to one over his nearest opponent. He is a progressive and seems a good bet to defeat Democrat Edward A. Kelly in November.

Mississippi. – One man is emerging from the field of candidates running against Senator Bilbo as the best bet to force "The Man" into a run-off second primary. He is Cecil Travis, lawyer and businessman, who recently struck oil and is not worried about where his campaign money is coming from. Bilbo, according to local reports, is scared for the first time by the support Travis is developing. Hugh White, Dennis Murphree and Governor Connor, three of the most potent politicians in the state, are backing Travis, not because they disapprove of most of the things Bilbo stands for, but because they, like Senator Eastland, consider him their personal enemy. Travis makes no pretense of being any more liberal then Bilbo, just more honest. He says frankly that if elected he would follow the lead of his great friend, Senator Eastland, on matters which arise in the Senate. But Travis would not enjoy Bilbo's seniority if he were to win, and the mere fact of Bilbo's absence from the Capitol would afford great relief to a large part of America.

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United Nations: East and West

by Edward Montgomery

ON TUESDAY LAST, April 9, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at Hunter College in the Borough of the Bronx, New York, the United Nations Security Council held its thirty-first meeting since it was inaugurated in Church House in London on January 16.

All that, I hope, makes it sound as though this thirty-first meeting was pretty portentous, was something grave and serious and worthy of considered attention. It was. It happened to be the first meeting of the Security Council at which it was allowed, for a change, to do a little useful and constructive work.

The meeting made the headlines, of course, because it was the occasion of Mr. Gromyko's return to the fold for the first time since his memorable exit on March 27. (Parenthetically, isn't it odd how when Russia or the Russians or even *a* Russian does what in anyone else would be quite normal and expected behavior it seems to become a world-shaking sensation—as when, in the midst of the buzz about Mr. Gromyko's walkout, the Soviet government paid up in full its dues to the United Nations?)

But that was all that was sensational about last Tuesday's meeting. All—except for the hard-to-make-sensational fact that the Council got some work done. As combined with the mountain of similar work before the Council, it was only a molehill of a beginning. What it amounted to was that the Council adopted, with little argument, some twenty-three rules of procedure prepared for it by its committee of "experts." They dealt with such matters as how meetings should be called, how the agenda should be prepared, how representatives should be accredited, how the presidency should rotate, and so on. None of them even touched the fringe of the really controversial questions, like the definition of "disputes" and the use of the veto. But they were the first agreed, clear-cut rules the Council has yet had to guide its proceedings.

A good many people may perhaps think that all this emphasis upon rules of procedure and definition of methods is misplaced—that they are relatively unimportant compared to the larger functions and duties of the Security Council. In the long run that is true. But at this early stage in its brief existence, they happen to be almost all-important. For until the Security Council as a body has a clear idea of what it has to do and how it is going to do it, it is simply fumbling and groping in the dark—and constantly in danger of colliding painfully with some awkward corner of the international furniture.

Nor is this emphasis upon the work of its thirty-first meeting intended to disparage or detract from what it has accomplished in some of the other meetings. I, for one, believe firmly that the Security Council has achieved an immense amount in an incredibly short space of time. The concrete results of that achievement I would list as follows:

1. It has succeeded in making the peoples of the world—or at least those who have been free to read or hear about it—Security Council-conscious.

2. It has succeeded in making the governments of the world—and particularly those of both greater and lesser powers which may have uneasy consciences about this or that skeleton in their national closets—intensely and apprehensively Security Council-conscious.

3. It has created about itself a quite remarkable aura of international authority and prestige.

4. It is showing definite signs of developing both a corporate personality and a sense of collective responsibility and loyalty over and above the individual loyalties of its members to their individual governments.

That, I submit, is a fairly formidable list of accomplishments for an international body which has been in existence for less than three months, and which, moreover, has had its representational composition and its physical and political environment radically changed between one series of meetings and the next.

OF THE FOUR, it seems to me that the last, which is at once the most subtle and the least capable of demonstrative proof, is altogether the most important. I have no means of proving that it is happening; I can only say that I have sat through thirty of the thirty-one meetings that the Security Council has held, and I believe I can see it happening.

Let me put it this way. In the early stages of the Council's sessions in London, almost everyone, including the delegates themselves, saw the proceedings in terms of a diplomatic struggle between Russia and Britain—to be specific, between Mr. Bevin and Mr. Vishinsky. It was a struggle fought out within the Council, to be sure, but the Council was merely the arena which framed and confined the struggle.

When the Council moved to New York and the Iranian issue came up once more, the same struggle

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was renewed, only this time it was between Russia and the United States—in terms of personalities again, between Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Gromyko. But between London and New York a subtle change has been taking place. And that change has shown itself in the private reactions of several of the members of the Council to Mr. Gromyko's peremptory demand of last week that the Council drop the Iranian issue immediately from the agenda and thereby acknowledge his sweeping contention that its action in adopting Mr. Byrnes's resolution of April 4 was "incorrect and illegal, being in conflict with the Charter of the United Nations."

Running through almost all the private comment I heard on the Russian demand, I felt that I could detect a new note, a note far transcending both the personal and representational. It was as if they were saying to themselves—not, "They (the Russians) can't do this to me" or "They can't do this to the government and country I represent"—but, "They can't do this to the Security Council—not while I'm a member of it!" Now, that is a heartening development. For it means that the Council is acquiring a corporate personality and creating a tradition of loyalty to itself as a body.

Of course, it may mean something else which, if true, will be the reverse of heartening. It may mean that the struggle has shifted from a conflict of policies and personalities within the Council to a struggle between the Council itself and one of its members—from Bevin v. Vishinsky or Byrnes v. Gromyko to Security Council v. Russia. Because not a few of the Council membership as well as many people outside it have read into Mr. Gromyko's letter a direct challenge to the authority of the Council itself.

THIS STRUGGLE which we are watching today, which we see cut to sharpest focus in the debates in the Security Council, more fuzzily in other bodies within the United Nations and its related agencies, is only to be understood properly if it is regarded as part of the much larger struggle all over the world.

That struggle is not merely for political power, for strategic security, for imperial expansion, for oil concessions or economic advantage or commercial privilege. All those factors enter into it, but basically it is something much deeper than all of them put together.

It is the struggle between two great and bitterly opposed systems of political philosophy, two fundamentally divergent conceptions of the means and ends of national government, of international relations, of the conduct of human affairs and of the relationship of the individual to the community. For want of more adequate nomenclature, we may call them the "Western liberal" conception and the "soviet socialist" conception. It is a struggle as much in and for the minds of men as it is between parties within national governments or between nation-states in the international field.

The Western democracies, nurtured in the Western liberal tradition, tend to interpret the ideas and ideals of the United Nations and the Charter in which they are embodied and given legal sanction and definition, in terms of Western liberalism. The Russians, on the other hand, tend to interpret them in terms of soviet socialism. That difference of interpretation has constantly reappeared in all the discussions, conferences and meetings which have gone into the creation of the United Nations. It underlies the divergent approaches of the various governments to such fundamental questions as the functions and powers of the Security Council and the General Assembly, the use of the great-power right of veto, the right of small nations to complain to the Council about the great.

Between the two interpretations there is a gulf as wide as the struggle between the two systems of political thinking they reflect is sharp. And that struggle, both within and without the United Nations, is not going to be decided in a week or a month or even a couple of decades. It may go on for a century or more.

THERE ARE only two possible outcomes of that struggle. Either the two philosophies will reach a *modus vivendi* or they will have to fight it out until one is victorious. That fight may never take on the character of armed conflict between the opposed adherents—let us hope it does not. But it may. There may come a time when civil war within the United Nations becomes as inevitable as was the Civil War within the United States. Let us most sincerely hope not.

But it is as well to be clear-headed about these things. The United Nations came into being as a wartime coalition. The Charter was designed to convert that coalition for war into a coalition for peace. But the United Nations can become a coalition for war again—either against external enemies or against secessionists within its own ranks. That it can do so—and that it *must* do so if necessary—is inherent and implicit in every line of the Charter itself. That is the direct and explicit duty laid upon the Security Council, and the *raison d'être* of its apparatus of a Military Staff Committee and the placing of armed forces at its disposal.

That may sound bellicose and war-mongering. It is nothing of the sort. But it is a warning. It is no good shirking the struggle that is going on, or trying to evade either its implications or its possible consequences. The ideas and ideals which may be personified for us in the triumvirate Lincoln-Wilson-Roosevelt are as dear and precious to us as those personified in the triumvirate Marx-Lenin-Stalin are to the Russians. If the conflict between them, within and without the United Nations, can be eventually resolved by mutual adjustment and accommodation, and the two systems of thought can learn to live together amicably in one world, well and good. If the conflict proves irreconcilable, we shall have to think again.

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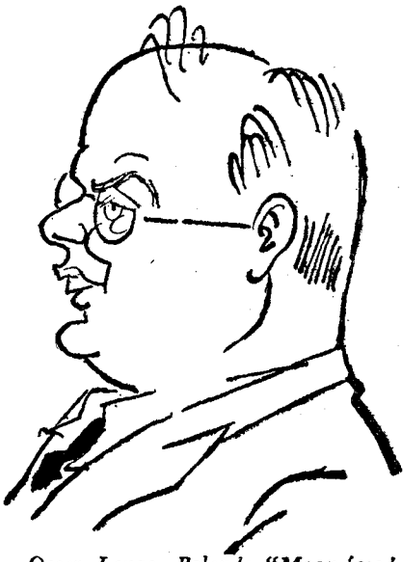
Yeomen of the

The New Republic *presents herewith the first of a series of drawings by the famous European cartoonists Derso and Kelen, who will draw regularly for our pages henceforth. We asked them to look at the members of the Security Council,*

Colonel William Roy Hodgson, Australia: "Gray-haired, square-jawed . . . speaks more in the tone of the parade ground than the chancellery . . . an unpopular non-conformist, the Man from Down Under who might yet land On Top."



Oscar Lange, Poland: "Moon-faced, sardonic, courteous . . . outwardly calm, the sometimes agitated tic *beneath his left eye is a sign of inner worry . . . on adjournment, limps painfully to the door, pausing to chat with the reporters, for whom he always has time."*

Mahmoud Hassan, Egypt: "Incandescent sincerity gleams about him . . . his strong voice grips the chamber . . . a modern man from a country of long memories."

Quo Tai-chi, China: "The urbane president, little, round-faced, bespectacled, with sudden flashes of oblique, Oriental humor . . . gives each speaker undivided, imperturbably courteous attention."

Edward Stettinius, United States: "Dazzles with looks but not oratory . . . a little puzzled, defensive, as though he felt himself a bit beyond his depth . . . a heavy dead voice and pedestrian words."

Eelco N. Van Kleffens, Netherlands: "An angular beanpole of a man, a stupendously high, domed head almost hairless . . . a straight, bony back, forming a right angle with the chair . . . a wide-mouthed, boyish smile . . . speaks pleasantly, but don't mistake his amiability for pliancy."

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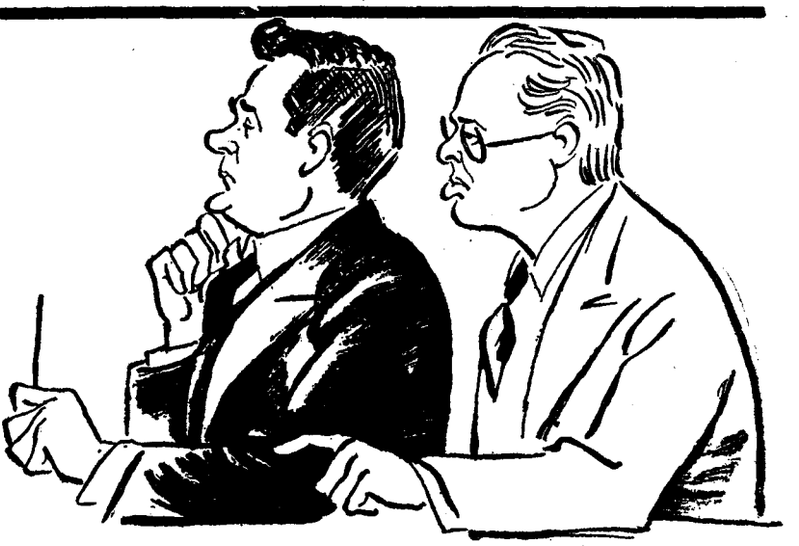
Peace

by Derso and Kelen
text by Denis Plimmer

now in session at Hunter College. The accompanying text is by Denis Plimmer, a New York journalist formerly with the OWI, and Time, *soon leaving for England for the New York* Post.

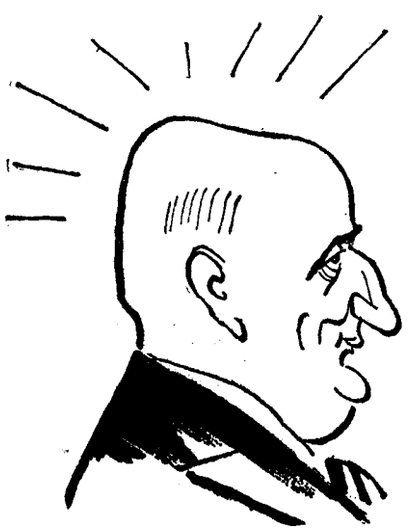


Andrei Gromyko and Boris Stein, Russia: "Gromyko, plain, strong-featured, like a lesser advertising executive from Greenwich, with his terrier look of sharpness. Stein, the seasoned conference veteran, his expressionless eyes alert behind horn-rimmed glasses, his heavy underlip curling in thought."

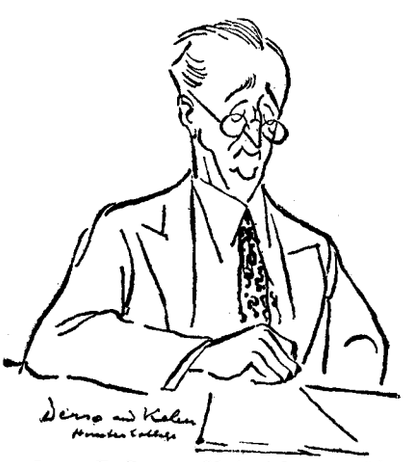
Sir Alexander Cadogan, Great Britain: "Lean and quiet, a bit prissy, diffidently courteous . . . no frail reed, however, but a Whitehall stalwart, he suggests Kipling's 'Oh, beware my country when my country grows polite. . . .'"

Francisco Castillo Najera, Mexico: "Gray, heavy-shouldered, slumped in his chair . . . stares from under shaggy brows like a bull about to charge. . . ."

Henri Bonnet, France: "Spare, dark, aquiline, a Hollywood diplomat, yet no glamor boy but a ruthless logician . . . sunlit clarity of thought."



Pedro Leao Velloso, Brazil: "Hides behind green, smoked glasses, through which he watches vigilantly . . . his bald head glimmers in mahogany splendor beneath the hot floodlights."



James F. Byrnes, United States: "Eloquent eyebrows, a tent over his small, wrinkled face . . . in relaxation stares off into space, stern and remote like a minor Roman emperor posing for a bust."

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GOP: Old Guard in the Saddle

by Helen Fuller

NEW LEADERSHIP has come to the Republican Party through the courtesy of Colonel Robert McCormick and the Chicago *Tribune*. Thanks to the fine timing of the Colonel's representative on the Republican National Committee, reaction is rampant today in the GOP, Brazilla Carroll Reece is party chairman and things look bad for Harold Stassen.

Before the committee's recent meeting, wiseacres in the Dewey and Stassen organizations believed they had a plan for keeping control of the party machinery out of the hands of the extreme right wing. After a first-ballot show of strength behind their own candidate, the Stassen forces were to shift quietly to Dewey's candidate, former Senator John Danaher, as a preferable compromise over Senator Taft and the Ohio gang's Reece. But something went wrong. Conservatives who had come to the meeting ready to go as far Left as a Dewey man for chairman, soon saw to their delight that there were more Taft disciples in the group this year than they had dared hope. Why, then, should they elect leaders pledged to anyone except their true love, handsome John Bricker, they asked themselves?

SENATOR TAFT'S experienced lieutenants took full advantage of this sentiment. Colonel R. B. Creager, Texas committeeman who managed Taft's own bid for the presidential nomination in 1940, and Walter Hallanan of West Virginia, border-state whip, made a strong pitch for all the waverers who had arrived committed to Danaher. The *Tribune's* man Schroeder felt the strong pulse of reaction among the committee members and prepared to bolt the Danaher camp at the proper moment. For reasons possibly financial, Stassen put forward Wall Street operator John W. Hanes, the unofficial treasurer of the old Willkie movement, as his candidate for national chairman and then failed to withdraw him from the balloting in time to cinch the election for Danaher. At the proper moment, on the third ballot, Colonel McCormick's Mr. Schroeder shifted to Reece, taking eight other votes with him, and Reece was in.

The moral of this story is: Don't bet your shirt on Stassen for '48. The Republican Committee is a miniature of the national convention to come. The men who will name and control the delegates to the convention were all properly represented at the committee meeting. At their peak, the Stassenites polled less than 25 percent of the vote for party chairman. If the convention had been held last week, Bricker would have been nominated for President with the greatest of ease.

And there are several reasons why the odds against Stassen's capturing the nomination may go up instead of down. His strongest opponent is an exceptionally intelligent man who learns from past mistakes—Taft, that is, not Bricker. Taft will never get over his bitter disappointment at Philadelphia in 1940. He was dead certain that he had sufficient bedrock support to outlast Dewey and win the presidential nomination. He will never forget the humiliation he felt after the first ballot when he polled well under 200 votes instead of the 250 or more he thought he could count on all the way. But Taft didn't fool himself into believing that he was a good presidential candidate for long after that. He has jerked that most stubborn of ambitions out by the roots, and his whole considerable mind is concentrated on electing John Bricker or some other willing conservative whom he can dominate.

AS THE RESULT of this recent election, the Taft forces will hold control of the regular party machinery through the coming congressional elections. And the present majority control of the state Republican organizations by Taft-McCormick men clearly demonstrated at the National Committee meeting, is likely to be extended even further as a result of the 1946 campaigns, if the last non-presidential-year elections in 1942 are any indication. In that off-year, various members of the duPont, Mellon, Pew and McCormick families contributed the $5,000 limit to Republican state campaign funds in such relatively poor states as South Dakota and Nebraska. Their contributions assured the election of Senators like Bushfield and Wherry, who have since proved their worth to the forces of reaction. And perhaps more important, their contributions constituted a mortgage on the grateful state organizations. Statisticians later reported a high correlation between the receipt of this kind of money in 1942 and the behavior of state delegations at the Republican national convention in 1944. Since Republicans generally, and the super-reactionaries especially, are confident that they can be victorious in the 1946 congressional elections, there is every reason to expect larger and more extensive contributions from duPonts, Pews and McCormicks to their less prosperous fellow Republicans throughout the country. And there is little reason to suppose that the country cousins will turn against their generous rich kinfolk, come convention time in 1948. Governor Stassen cannot accurately estimate the size of this particular opposition bloc until after the 1946 reports on campaign contributions are made public.

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If the Republicans fail to capture control of the House this year, or to make the sizable gains they anticipate, the extreme right wing might be forced to change its plans for Bricker and compromise on either Dewey or Vandenberg. Impressive victories for progressive Republican candidates this year, however, could panic the old guard and open the way for an attempt by Stassen to start another Willkie stampede headed for the convention. Even then Stassen would be up against the fact that the Tafts and Pews consider one such rout more than enough for a lifetime and will be prepared to stamp out any new popular uprising against their domination of the party.

HAROLD STASSEN knows what he is up against, knows that drastic measures are required. He is dauntless and determined, confident, as he has been for years past, that if he just keeps on keeping on he will wind up in the White House. Newsmen who have covered his recent Washington press conferences have remarked on this air of destiny he possesses, almost as frequently as on the sense of humor he does not. The drastic method he has chosen for fighting the Republican rulers is characteristic of the methodical Stassen. Facts and figures are to be his ammunition. He plans to storm the citadel of reaction with tabulations of opinions expressed in the Republican Open Forums his supporters are organizing throughout the country. Headquarters for these forums has been established in Washington. Good Stassen men believe that in the two years between now and the 1948 convention so many Republicans will have joined in home-forum groups and voted Stassen-like opinions on the monthly ballots supplied by the Forum headquarters that the convention will be forced to accept the fact that Stassen is the popular Republican choice and therefore nominate him for the presidency. Mr. Stassen is the chairman of Open Forums. Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn's Minneapolis man, Henry McKnight, has come on to run things as executive secretary, without cost to Open Forums. McKnight says the forum project started with only $4,000 in the bank. They are getting in a good many small donations now to help pay the rent.

Stassen has no personal fortune, is supporting himself now on his lecture receipts, reportedly $1,000 per appearance. The expenses of the long national campaign he has undertaken are clearly beyond his means. The donors of the large sums his race will require are sure to be spotlighted. Some liberal supporters may be put off when they discover who the big-money backers are. Stassen's original financial support came from two of the biggest Northwestern business organizations, General Mills and Weyerhauser Lumber. When Stassen moved onto the national stage, executives of these firms and BBD and O and other advertising agencies established more connections for him. It was natural that he should become acquainted with the man who had been the unofficial collector of Wall Street revenue for the Willkie organization, but it is unfortunate for his liberal reputation that he formed an alliance with this John W. Hanes. Ever since President Roosevelt exiled him from the New Deal for acting like a die-hard Republican, Hanes has been proving how right Roosevelt was. It is hard to see what other reason besides his proved ability to raise campaign funds Stassen could have had for backing Hanes for the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee.

Stassen is quite right to start campaigning early if he is to have a chance of winning the rigged race the Republican machine plans for 1948. Chances are, however, that two years of exposure to public glare will produce big cracks in his liberal veneer. Chances are that during that time the whole country will find out the secret Minnesota liberals have been shouting to deaf ears for years—that Stassen is no kind of a liberal at all on anything except foreign policy, that under his administration Minnesota was stripped of the gains the Farmer-Labor coalition had won and set back by years.

Meanwhile the GOP old guard is almost certain to be rolling right along. Speaking for the progressives in the party, Senator Wayne Morse declared, following the National Committee session, that if the policies laid down at that meeting are followed during the next two years, "the Republican National Committee will reëlect Harry Truman in spite of everything he is doing to defeat himself." As of now, the GOP seems bent on Bricker and another four years out of the White House.

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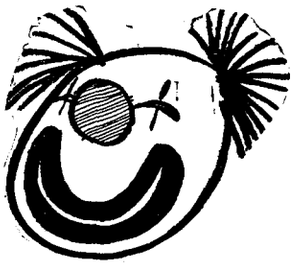
Backstage at the Biggest Show

by Ralph G. Martin



THE GRAY-HAIRED MAN holding the horses looked around to make sure nobody was listening, and then whispered, "I don't have to do this. I'm 55 years old and I'm a retired railroad machinist on pension. But I'm having so much fun. . . ." Everybody seemed to be having fun backstage at Madison Square Garden: A trainer whispering sweet nothings into the ear of a jumbo elephant; two almost-bare bareback riders gossiping and giggling; some acrobats making critical comments in Swedish about an apprentice's handstands; several clowns laughing at each other, one of them blinking his red neon nose.

Suddenly a bugler blasted out something that sounded like Army chow call. Nearby a cute brunette in black tights held her ears and squeezed her eyes shut until he finished. "Someday, he's going to blow my head off," she said after he left, "He's supposed to blow at 15-minute intervals in the last hour before the show starts but we never pay any attention to him any more because he blows whenever he feels like it."

Her name was Leona Howe and this was her first circus season and she just couldn't get over it. "Because I came here on a gag," she explained. "I was a Queens College senior and some of my sorority sisters saw this Ringling Brothers ad in the papers and they thought it would be such a cute idea to try out for it. But once we got down here, they all backed out except me. I never expected to be picked."

She laughed. "But here I am, and maybe next season I'll be an elephant girl. I'm so happy now. It's so much more exciting than being a teacher. . . ."

Several prop men were stretched out on a toy train staring at a girl dressed in a silver-edged silky cape which half covered her black spangled brassiere and tights. She seemed to be waiting for somebody.

"For my sister," she explained. "We have an aerial act." How come? "Oh, we got the idea in a gym here on Forty-seventh Street a couple years ago." How did she like the circus? "Oh, it's swell and all that, but like everybody else, I want to quit and get married some day. . . ."

The attendants were bringing more horses up the ramp, lining them up for the opening number. More people were running around more excitedly now. Only a middle-aged woman in a green page-boy uniform waited patiently—standing on the sidelines with 27 assorted dogs.

"They put on an eight-minute act," she explained. "Back flips, military drill, rope jumping, everything. They're really good and the thing is, they know they're good. They're so temperamental, they just won't have anything to do with any dog who's not a performer. And they have supreme contempt for an alley dog."

As for training them, "The trick is, you have to know more than the dog. . . ."

Giustino Loyal, the star French bareback rider, smiled when he was asked how long he had been barebacking. He counted with his fingers, "One, two, three, four, five generations," he said. "I have gold medals from all countries of Europe, from kings and generals and from the state of Chicago."

He smiled fondly at his horse. "This, 27 years old. For 18 years I do somersaults on his back. I bring him with me from France. I bring other horses, too, but they all dead now."

He shook his head sadly. "When you young, when you on top, this bareback riding is big, exciting, wonderful thing. But when you get older. . . ." He shrugged his shoulders. "Soon maybe I go back to

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France and start my own circus like my father and grandfather and great-grandfather do. . . ."

The big door was opening now and the horses were moving out and the leader was saying to the other girls, "Let's take it slow, kids. Let's not have any more falling on our cans like we did yesterday. . . ."

Absorbing everything from the sidelines, Steve Steele was explaining why he became a clown. "I was so restless when I got out of the Army. I had so much liberty that I didn't know what to do with myself. This circus is just the thing. Never get bored. Always plenty of laughter and excitement. Besides, there's a wild, intangible, mysterious circus feeling. You don't feel it so much during rehearsals. But once you put on your costume and the music starts playing and they switch on the spotlights and you get your cue—it's wonderful, that's all."

His face looked strange, painted up in smiles yet talking so seriously.

Downstairs in the clowns' dressing room, called Clown Alley, everything was color and confusion. Two men helping a midget into an oversize snowman's suit; the eight-foot, four-inch giant kidding some of the clowns dressed as women, who were busy putting padding in the proper places; a clown in orange hair wondering aloud how to get somewhere on a crosstown bus; two more clowns skipping in slow waltz time; a white rabbit sitting on its haunches staring at a meowing midget dressed as a pussy cat.

A tired-looking bald man was sitting on a box in the corner and reminiscing. "In 1933 I jumped over four elephants. Now I'm just a horse rider. . . ."

Singing loudly was an ex-GI named Angelo Calderone, who had worked for the circus before he was drafted. "You can say that I'm glad to be back," he said. "I'm getting a good salary. Nobody pushes me around. Easy work, plenty of traveling all over, something new always happening, meet all kinds of people. This is for me."

The room was almost empty when Frankie Saluto came up and introduced himself. "I'm the little boy who won the diamond stickpin because I was elected the new king of the show's midgets. There's 14 midgets and I'm their little boss."

He shook his head solemnly. "I'm 38 years old, but the way I feel about the circus is that if I ever left it, it would break my heart."

Several midgets were walking out and Frankie grabbed them and introduced them. One had just come back from working in a defense plant, the second did a head-to-head stand with a Chinese girl while she walked across a tight wire and the third was almost as broad as he was tall and had just come out of the Merchant Marine.

"But this is my last circus season," said the third midget. "I'm going back to the sea. I'm too shaky and nervous and old to hold up three midgets any more. I'm 46. Besides, a sailor's life is more normal."

Almost everybody had filed out in costume for the Spectacle, which ends the show's first half. The young clown, Steve Steele, was still there, though, because somebody else was using his stilts.

"Know why people join the circus?" he was saying. "Because they're the kind of restless people who want to see everything and go everywhere and do everything and enjoy every bit of life there is to enjoy, and the circus comes the closest to doing all that."

He rubbed some of the white zinc oxide off his face and stared at it. "That's why more people ought to see the circus, too. People who are sick and tired or worried, people who live humdrum lives, people who only have fun in their dreams. Those are the people who ought to come. It would take them out of themselves, make them forget everything else. They'd be kids again."

Upstairs, the Spectacle had started and the different people were lined up, waiting for their next. One girl came running up to another, "Ruthie, please fix me up,

my bra is loose again." A third, sitting on top of an elephant, sang out with, "Wheee, if my mother could only see me now!"

Close to the rail in the mezzanine, staring at the seal act, John McAuley, the Garden guard, whispered, "Between you and me, this whole circus is kid stuff." He paused a minute. "Except the seals, of course. I've

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been here 20 years and I've caught every performance of that seal act. That clown seal is terrific; he'll make anybody laugh."

He leaned over to confide something else. "They've got one more seal in the act than they had last year. "Noticed something else, too," he added. "Lion act ain't in this year. House on fire ain't in either. And they cut out the airplane swing because the woman got killed last year. That was a man-and-wife act."

He stopped talking suddenly. "Hey, watch this one. This one's really tough." It was a delicate balancing of a woman standing on the shoulders of a man sitting on the edge of a chair balanced on two men on a high wire. The guard stared intently, his mouth open. When they finished, he shook his head. "Easier ways than that to make a living."

In a corner section of the mezzanine, the cleaning men and women were resting with their brooms, watching the rest of the show before they went to work. It was a clown skit labeled "Bargain Basement," and one woman nudged another, "Watch that cop. He's going to tear the dress off that midget." They watched and he did and the woman chuckled, "Didn't I tell you? Ain't that a scream?"

Two men in front of them weren't looking at the circus. They were just talking quietly. "Remember when they used to give us only 35 cents an hour. Now it's $1.25. Union sure helped a lot, didn't it?" The other man nodded vigorously.

The elephants were leaning on each other and the girls were saluting and the show was over and a kid up front started crying. "I want to see Jo-Jo the Dogface Boy. You promised me. . . ." His mother was trying to calm him. "Please, Irving, please shut up." But the kid kept crying and another boy nearby started in too, "Mama, I want to see the Dogface Boy, too. . . ." Close by a teen-age girl was saying, "I hope I don't sound too young, but I really enjoyed it."

Most of the people had started streaming outside, but there was still a considerable flow down to the sideshow. There was a crowd in front of the big cage with the sign, "Mr. and Mrs. Gargantua," and a small girl poked her mother and asked loudly, "Ma, are they really married?"

A barker was talking about the various freaks, but most of the kids were wandering around looking at the animals. Badge-number 210 of the special officers' union, local 177, had his own theory about that:

"Kids like to see animals because they've never seen them before. As for freaks, they see them walking the streets every day. You don't have to go to a circus to see freaks, do you?"

Jackson's Radical Coalition

by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

Jackson's battle against the United States Bank, described in the last instalment, was simply the most dramatic and crucial expression of his broad fight against attempts of business and financial institutions to exert political power. His backing in this fight, as we shall see now, came from a loose coalition which arose through the nation, especially in the more heavily industrialized states—a coalition consisting of writers and intellectuals, professional radicals, workingmen's groups, small farmers, the party organization (not least its Southern elements), and the city machines, all united, for whatever reasons, against business domination. The experience of the last decade suggests that this is pretty much the type of coalition to which any militant democratic leadership in this country must look for its main reliance.

MASSACHUSETTS succumbed to the Industrial Revolution in the first three decades of the nineteenth century. Slowly mills, factories and banks displaced shipbuilding and seafaring as the focus of business activity. The curve of this change could be traced in the permutations of Daniel Webster's views on the tariff, as his thunderous briefs for the merchant and free trade began to hesitate and quaver, till they gave way to equally thunderous briefs for the mill owner and protection.

Massachusetts leaders like John Quincy Adams, Justice Story, Governor Levi Lincoln and Alexander H. Everett, editor of the *North American Review*, had already assisted at the transformation of right-wing Jeffersonianism into the National Republican Party; and most of the former Federalists, like Webster, eventually joined them there in defense of the American System. With Webster, Adams and Lincoln at their head, the National Republicans ran the state politically. Among the younger group, the most promising in 1830 was perhaps Edward Everett, that pale, courteous and polished man, tall and erect, with his handsome, conventional face and his fatal flow of rhetoric, who was nearly smothered by the adulation which surrounded him. Barely turned twenty, he had

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been a brilliant minister whose sermons moved John Quincy Adams to tears. Soon he left the pulpit for a chair at Harvard where his golden periods recreated Greece for Ralph Waldo Emerson. Now he shone in politics, a leading member of the House and the white hope of the clubs of Boston. In John Davis of Worcester, the conservatives had a good lawyer, reliable legislator and enormously successful vote-getter; he was known as "Honest John Davis," which is supposed to have provoked Henry Clay to exclaim, "*Honest John Davis*, I say, *Cunning John Fox!*" From the bar conservatism recruited such talented younger men as Rufus Choate and Caleb Cushing, and from the business community itself came the independent and conscientious Nathan Appleton and able Abbott Lawrence.

The sanction of Culture was reinforced by the immutable prescriptions of Justice and Law, as interpreted by such judges as Peter Oxenbridge Thacher and such lawyers as Jeremiah Mason. The clergy hastened to add Religion. Some preachers, like James Walker and Hubbard Winslow, openly advocated conservatism, while others, like William Ellery Channing, accomplished much the same end by urging reform, but only in ways in which it could not practically be achieved. The work of Channing in sabotaging the liberal impulses of his day by his theory of "internal" reform, with its indifference to external social change, has never been properly appreciated.

Thus on all fronts the "natural aristocracy" of Massachusetts wheeled into action. Richard Hildreth, associate editor of the furious Whig sheet, the Boston *Atlas*, frankly described the result:

> The truth is, that so stern, severe, active and influential was the authority which the allied hierarchy exercised, that few men who had property, standing, character, friends, to lose, cared to risk the consequences of those bulls of excommunication which were fulminated from the pulpit and the press, and those torrents of calumny, denunciation, and abuse, poured forth by a thousand fluent tongues, against whomsoever deserted the ark of the covenant, and allied himself to the uncircumcised Philistines.

And what of the Philistines? "This day assemble in State convention the Jackson party," the librarian of the American Antiquarian Society noted in his diary on September 1, 1831. ". . . It is rather a miserable concern and is composed of such as want office and the disaffected of all parties." Who else would be a Democrat?

During 1830, in the towns of eastern Massachusetts, small mechanics and workers, apprehensive over their role in an industrialized future, began to form urban chapters of the rural Workingmen's Party. The movement spread. A meeting at Boston, in February, 1832, was followed in September by a general convention of what was now called the "New England Association of Farmers, Mechanics and other Workingmen." The colorful champion of the New England Association was Seth Luther. In 1832 Luther was nearly forty, tall and lanky, tending toward baldness, with a cud of tobacco generally in his mouth, and cherishing a bitter passion for the working classes. He had knocked a good deal around the country, East and West, town and frontier, even taking long trips through the wilderness.

When he returned to New England about 1830, he found the independent Yankee yeoman confronted by the menace of the new industrialism. In 1832, conspicuous in his famous green jacket, he traveled through the mill towns, haranguing the operatives, checking on conditions and agitating for the New England Association, though few of its members were themselves factory workers. The intense interest excited by his reports of mill life reflected the deep concern with which the submerged classes were contemplating their future.

Late in 1833 Samuel Clesson Allen rejected overtures to become the National Republican nominee for Governor with an able statement of his grounds for backing Jackson:

> There are two great classes in the community founded on the relation they respectively bear to the subject of its *wealth*. The one is the *producer*, and the other the *accumulator*. The whole products are divided between them. Has not one an interest to retain as much as it can, and the other an interest to *get* as much as it can? . . .
>
> The administration of every government, whether it is seen or not, will be guided and controlled by one or the other of these interests. . . .
>
> It is in the nature of things that government will always adapt its policy, be the theory of its constitution what it may, to the interests and aims of the predominating class. . . .
>
> I ask if labor has ever had a predominating influence in any government? . . .
>
> I should be glad to see an experiment of *one* administration, of which the interests of this class should be the guiding star. . . .
>
> I am encouraged in my hopes of an economical reform by the course which the President has taken in regard to the United States Bank. . . .
>
> What government in these days has been able to stand against the power of *associated wealth*? It is the *real dynasty* of modern states.

The New England Association promptly endorsed Allen's letter, and a few days later a committee of Charlestown Workingmen invited him to be their candidate for Governor.

In 1834 a young and aggressive leader emerged in western Massachusetts. George Bancroft of Northampton sharply repudiated his past in assuming his new role. He was the son of the Reverend Aaron

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Bancroft of Worcester, president of the American Unitarian Association and a staunch conservative. He was the son-in-law of Jonathan Dwight, a wealthy capitalist of Springfield. He was, moreover, the brother-in-law of Honest John Davis, soon to succeed Levi Lincoln as Governor, and Edward Everett had been one of his closest friends since Harvard days. He was a constant contributor to the *North American Review*, and till 1831 was co-proprietor of the Round Hill School at Northampton, which drew its students from some of the richest families in the country. All Bancroft's normal allegiances, in short, were with the "natural aristocracy."

Yet Bancroft was too clever and too skeptical to accept the values of Boston with the piety of an Everett, or to tailor his talents according to specifications laid down by Harvard and State Street. He went to Europe after finishing college in 1817; and when he returned the Athens of America seemed flat and disappointing. He appeared in a few pulpits, tutored a little at Harvard, published a book of poems and finally in 1823 helped establish a progressive school at Northampton. Though the Round Hill School flourished in the twenties, Bancroft was no great teacher, and Northampton too restricted a stage. More and more his writings won him attention as a rising young literary man.

SOME TIME after the election of 1832, Bancroft decided to abandon his class and cast his lot with the despised Democrats and Workingmen. Political apostasy is too complex a problem to be ascribed simply to ambition or treachery. Bancroft's whole life had been a series of minor revolts against the "natural aristocracy," and occasional outbursts like his speech of 1826 betrayed a profound sympathy with the idea of democracy. But his whole upbringing proscribed these liberal impulses. Thus a precarious balance of loyalties developed, producing a vacillation which was by no means evidence of insincerity.

What precipitated the final decision? Bancroft had already begun work on his great history of the United States, the first volume of which would come out in 1834. This determination to devote his life to such a history, which he conceived as the story of the invincible progress of human liberty, undoubtedly released his democratic prepossessions in full flood. He finally took the step, not as an item in political opportunism, but as an act of faith. Though he often in later life ignored his views of 1834, he never recanted them. And, in expressing them in 1834, joining a minority group in a solidly conservative state, he clearly had little to gain. "I have never made disclaimers or apologies," he said rather sadly a decade later. "To advocate Democracy in Massachusetts, is no holiday pastime. . . . Our course is not too often enlivened by success; we are wounded sometimes even by our friends. We tread a thorny path, but it leads upwards to the home of freedom, of justice, of truth."

In New York, the old Jeffersonian party was dominant rather than the party of the business community, and the crucial Jacksonian struggles thus began within the Democratic organization. The powerful commercial groups which had inevitably clustered round the governing party fought grimly with the men of labor and the radical democrats, each faction vying with the other in bringing pressure on the people who controlled the party machine—above all, on Martin Van Buren and the Albany Regency.

Van Buren's power within the state rested in great part on this informal organization. The Regency directed policy, distributed offices, ran campaigns and made the important party decisions. Its political unity was cemented by close personal relations. The members dined and drank together, talked, joked and argued till late in the night. Their families were friendly, and their wives kissed when they met. They took care that no one who served the Regency should suffer as a consequence, and young men of talent and Jeffersonian principle were certain of rapid promotion. Their ideal of public service was high. Thurlow Weed, who grew to know the Regency through years of fighting them, later observed, "They were men of great ability, great industry, indomitable courage, and strict personal integrity."

Van Buren was an active little man with a tendency toward stoutness, his eyes sharp, his perceptions quick and his manner charming. He had a keen wit—Jackson, who delighted in the newspaper humorist, Major Jack Downing, would exclaim after some particularly telling quip, "Depend upon it, Jack Downing is only Van Buren in masquerade"—but his tongue was kept constantly in leash by his politic temperament. Self-control, indeed, was almost his outstanding characteristic. At an early age, he jotted down in a notebook, "To yield to necessity is the real triumph of reason and strength of mind," and this became the rule of his life. When disappointed, he would say, "Well, after all, I have made up my mind, that it is *the best thing that could have happened.*"

Other things being equal, the Regency favored reform. Van Buren, a veteran of bitter fights against imprisonment for debt and for the extension of the suffrage, pushed through the safety-fund act of 1829, which, for all its weaknesses, at least forced the banks to yield for the first time to conditions prescribed by the legislature.

IN THE MEANTIME deeper urgencies were at work among the laboring classes. New York was affected no less than Massachusetts by sudden fears of dispossession sweeping among the wage earners like chill ocean winds. But the New York movement was much more an urban affair because of the comparative prosperity

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of the farmers upstate. The struggles over debt imprisonment and the Sunday mails were intense, especially in New York City, and through the decade of the twenties there was an insistent demand for action on most of the items in the familiar platform of Workingmen's grievances.

The most ambitious attempt to provide a new platform for labor unrest had been made by Robert Owen, the Scotch philanthropist, in the middle twenties. Though many of his remarks on property and some on religion appealed to the wage earners, his general solution—a coöperative commonwealth along the lines of New Harmony—was essentially unreal, both for people whose habits and obligations bound them to existing society, and for an economy whose greatest potentialities, for production and for profit, lay in the direction of increased industrialization.

THE Owenite theories had great impact through the influence of Frances Wright. A young Scotswoman who had come to America in 1818 and again with Lafayette in 1824, she had undertaken in 1826 the famous Nashoba experiment in an attempt to mitigate the slavery problem. Failure at Nashoba settled her conviction that the basic obstacle to reform was the corruption of the American people by a false system of education maintained by the clergy. Her belief in the omnipotence of the environment in forming character, as well as her anticlericalism, inclined her to a sympathy with Owen. On visits to New Harmony, she won an enthusiastic follower in Robert Dale Owen. In 1828 she became co-editor of the *New Harmony Gazette* with young Owen, and in 1829 they moved the journal to New York, renaming it the *Free Enquirer*.

Thirty-five years old in 1830, Fanny Wright had an attractive, unclouded face, with chestnut hair falling in natural curls, large blue eyes, clear and serious, and a tall, slender, graceful figure. She spoke in a rich, musical voice, disarming the most bitter by her radiant enthusiasm. Her mind was courageous, logical and independent, and she wrote militant and vivid prose. Her followers adored her. Hard-handed mechanics and workers crowded the halls when she lectured, and pored over copies of the *Free Enquirer* in flickering light late into the evening.

A carpenter named Walter Whitman, staunch radical Democrat and admirer of Tom Paine, listened raptly to Miss Wright and subscribed to the *Free Enquirer*. He named one son after Thomas Jefferson and another after Andrew Jackson; a third, whom he called simply Walter, after himself, used to muse in later years on lovely Fanny Wright. "She has always been to me one of the sweetest of sweet memories," he said. "We all loved her: fell down before her: her very appearance seemed to enthrall us . . . graceful, deer-like . . . she was beautiful in bodily shape and gifts of soul." Old Walt Whitman was deep in recollection. "I never felt so glowingly towards any other woman," he finally said. ". . . she possessed herself of my body and soul."

Around Fanny Wright gathered the live spirits of the Workingmen's movement. Robert Dale Owen, her closest associate, was six years younger, a short, blue-eyed, sandy-haired man. His clumsy gestures and rasping voice made him a less effective speaker than Fanny Wright, but he was clever, deeply persuaded of the imminent perfectibility of man, and dead in earnest. To him fell more and more the editorial responsibilities of the *Free Enquirer*. In November, 1829, Orestes A. Brownson, then a minister upstate, became a corresponding editor of the *Free Enquirer*, and Nicholas P. Trist, General Jackson's private secretary, was also an occasional though anonymous contributor.

But Fanny Wright dominated the group. Her thrilling perceptions of the social crisis inflamed everyone dissatisfied with the existing order. "The most dull can perceive that a moral excitement, new in its nature and rapid in its progress, pervades the world," she would say in her fine contralto voice. ". . . The priest trembles for his craft, the rich man for his hoard, the politician for his influence. . . . From the people—ay! from the people, arise the hum and stir of awakening intelligence, enquiry, and preparation."

WHAT were the causes of the crisis? First, the stimulus given to business enterprise by technological improvements, and even more by competition, which would continue "until it results in the ruin of small capitalists, and in the oppression of the whole laboring class of the community"; second, the banking system and paper money, "one of the deepest sources of industrial oppression and national demoralization"; third, the "professional aristocracy" of priests, lawyers and politicians, using their power to cheat the people; and fourth and most fundamental, "a false system of education, stolen from aristocratic Europe."

This was the crisis, and it was to be distinguished by the fact that it was "evidently, openly and acknowledgedly, *a war of class*, and that this war is universal . . . it is now everywhere the oppressed millions who are making common cause against oppression; it is the ridden people of the earth who are struggling to throw from their backs the 'booted and spurred' riders."

(To be continued)

This is the fourth of ten instalments—30,000 words in all—from The Age of Jackson *(Little, Brown), condensed with the approval of the author, who has added some new material further to point up the many parallels between our own times and those of a century ago.*—THE EDITORS

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The Bandwagon

"It was Roosevelt's idea to crush Germany—not Stalin's," said the professor [Dr. Charles C. Tansil of Georgetown University]. "Stalin said he wanted a strong Germany, but Roosevelt was obsessed with the idea of completely crushing the Germans. Now, as a result of crushing the Germans, there is no power in Europe to balance that of the Russians. And we have only Roosevelt to blame."—*From John O'Donnell's column in the New York Daily* News.

Dr. Benner [Dr. Claude L. Benner, vice-president of the Continental Life Insurance Company] claimed that if rents had gone up there would have been more "doubling up" by families, with the result there would have been more housing units available.—*From the Wilmington, Delaware,* Journal.

It is undeniable, however, that some elements with strong anti-Russian bias have accused the Mediterranean edition [of the *Stars and Stripes*] of being pro-Communist "in a negative way," as one of them said today, by not emphasizing unfavorable items affecting Russia.—*From the New York* Times.

White Man's Guerdon

The natives of Angola, West Africa, must "dress decently and no longer appear naked or wearing tree leaves and other such primitive means to cover parts of their bodies in villages and towns," the Ministry of Colonies declared today. The textile industry is being developed in Angola.—*AP dispatch from Lisbon.*

Progress

"The price of higher grade cattle would rise no more than 15 percent for the city consumer," he [H. M. Conway, research director of the National Livestock Producers' Association] said. "This would result in a price no higher than the consumer is now paying on the black market."—*UP dispatch from Washington, D. C.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.*—THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Good News from Germany

SIR: I have read few liberal reports on the only encouraging news recently to come out of the night of the German tragedy. It is the defeat of the proposed merger of Democratic Socialists and Communists in a membership referendum of the Social Democrats which rejected the fusion by an overwhelming majority. This stand was confirmed with the same majority at an independent regional congress of Berlin party members a week later. If the workers of Berlin were free, they would rather remain democratic. This is the meaning of their vote in the referendum and of their conference. And this is doubtless true also of the Soviet zone beyond Berlin, where the merger will take place nevertheless, arranged by a *fait accompli.*

I do not need to explain why the vote in Berlin was more than an ordinary vote. There were heavy odds against the voters: the Soviet occupation authorities had clearly expressed their desire to have the fusion completed by May first; the German Communist Party, which controls the Berlin *Magistrat* and the police, has thrown itself into frenzied campaigning to "save Germany" by effecting unity (under present conditions unity would have given it full control over the new United Socialist Party); the leading committee of their own party, after original resistance to the merger, had given in to the pressure in February. Moreover, they had received little and late support from the Western occupation authorities who at first considered the conflict a leftist party squabble until this resistance had manifested popular strength. Some 40 tons of propaganda material, voicing threats and rosy promises, was expended in vain to change the minds of Berlin's Social Democratic workers. Living in a temporary bridgehead of democracy, they do not have the full free initiative their happier colleagues in the Western countries enjoy, but after the totalitarian experiences of the past, they are the more alive to present dangers. They want to settle down and work in reconstruction and not be pushed around any longer by another semi-totalitarian crusading force.

New York City PAUL HAGEN

Antidote to Army Censorship

SIR: The broad thesis of Herbert Mitgang's protest against Army interference with military journalism ("The Army's Mental Goosestep," the *New Republic,* April 1) is basically sound, but it exhibits a ready pessimism not warranted by a thorough knowledge of the situation today and its development in the future. Apparently Mr. Mitgang has overlooked or forgotten the fact that both *Stars and Stripes* and *Yank* were publications of the Information and Education Division, and an examination of the current plans and adopted policies of the IE will show that the basic objectives of that division will continue to be an actual part of our interim and permanent army.

It may reassure Mr. Mitgang to know that obligatory discussion groups at all echelons and among all personnel are now an integral part of all Plans and Training Schedules. With *Yank* discharged and with *Stars and Stripes* censored, these discussion hours will serve the same purpose as the editorials or B-Bag pleas. With an alert IE officer or non-com guiding these discussions, legitimate complaints against company policies or routine can be made the subject of that debate period. In discussing the caste system, for example, officers will have to defend their position in the presence of the men they command, or acknowledge defeat by absence. . . .

Incidentally, the "Yes, sirs" and the arm salutes are less frequent when the IE discussion period flourishes, and orders are invariably requests. So long, therefore, as we have this IE discussion hour, I can give up the freedom of the *Stars and Stripes,* for that hour can, at will, be a real, throbbing united front bringing pressure to bear at the echelon where reform of policies or removal of officers is needed.

Newark, N. J. ARNOLD L. FISHBEIN

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Reo M. Christenson writes from Loma Linda, California, about Allied policy in Germany. He doubts if the permanent de-industrialization of Germany is feasible or wise, and also whether it is possible to denazify immediately. He suggests that we content ourselves with "punishment of established war criminals; requiring reparations based on Germany's present wealth and ability to produce wealth; guaranteeing freedom . . . of thought within Germany, hoping that the truth will come into its own; permanent German disarmament, including prohibition of atomic research. . . . If we accomplish these things, we shall have done all for which we dare to hope," he writes.

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Books in Review

Not Guide But Lantern

THE FUNCTION of the critic hereafter," Herbert Croly wrote in his *The Promise of American Life* in 1909, "will consist in part in carrying on an incessant and relentless warfare on the prevailing American intellectual insincerity. . . . He must stab away at the gelatinous mass of popular indifference, sentimentality and complacency, even though he seems quite unable to penetrate to the quick and draw blood." With the publication of their occasional essays, articles, addresses and reviews by a former editor,[1] contributing editor[2] and contributor[3] of the *New Republic*, it is not inappropriate to recall the ideas of the magazine's first editor. There are, admittedly, great differences between the worldly wisdom of Alvin Johnson, the passionate militancy of Lewis Mumford and the measured skepticism of Morris Cohen. But the fact that the *New Republic* once was a common platform of their thinking also suggests the common ground of their liberalism as Herbert Croly understood it: a critical attitude toward society, men, issues and ideas.

Is American liberalism still critical? A great deal has happened since Croly's day. With the thirties and the New Deal, much of what liberalism had criticized in American life had been remedied; much of what it had advocated had been realized. American liberalism, identified with Progressivism and Wilson's "New Freedom," had come of age. Criticism gave way to the defense of what had been accomplished. But it is doubtful that Herbert Croly would have been satisfied. "If the American national promise is ever to be fulfilled," he had written in 1909, "a more congenial and a more interesting task will also await the critic. . . . The most essential and edifying business of the critic will always consist in building up 'a pile of better thoughts.' . . . The critic consequently is not so much the guide as the lantern which illuminates the path. He may not pretend to know the only way or all the ways; but he should know as much as can be known about the traveled road."

As Croly saw it, what liberalism has to beware of is not error in its substance, which has changed throughout history and will continue to change, but surrender of the critical function. If not construed as an *argumentum ad hominem*, Lewis Mumford's blast against isolationist liberals in 1938—"the ultimate treason of the intellectual is to place his credulous wishes above fact and truth, merely because the facts are repugnant, or because the situation they point to cannot be changed without heroic exertion"—was a criticism which went beyond the immediate issue of isolationism. It seems, indeed, that in the flush of the New Deal victory liberals had forgotten the "traveled road." However, Mumford's own holier-than-thou moralism suggests that liberalism's perennial "crises" are intrinsic and consequently not "crises" at all. Liberalism, by admitting its own contradictions and dilemmas, thus becomes criticism. Or, as Morris Cohen puts it, "liberalism can move forward, like science, because it embraces self-correcting principles which permit the correction of error and partial truth without an overthrow of the system that makes such correction possible."

What liberals find difficult to resist, and against which Mumford's critique was largely directed, is the bandwagon mentality which developed with the success of the New Deal. Morris Cohen calls it "the vile habit of thinking that the latest is always the best." A more recent example is the liberals' swallowing, with an uncritical fervor matched by their Communist comrades-in-arms, of the euphoric "Teheran principle," which leaves them only surprised when Stalin suddenly blames the war on capitalism, as he recently did. The creation of a "Roosevelt myth" which, *de mortuis nihil nisi bonum* notwithstanding, is closer to canonization than to rational evaluation of the whole man, is equally symptomatic of contemporary liberalism's ideological orphancy. At the same time, the increasing influence of public-opinion polls and the pressure of special-interest groups threaten to make liberalism, as Cohen says, "an affair of pronunciamento and simple magic formula," justifying Mumford's charge that liberals live "on the debris of past dogmas and buried formulations."

But the disease goes deeper. Because liberalism has not as yet broken with the notion of continual progress and especially progress in the liberation of the individual, for which there is no evidence in science or history, Mumford is quite correct in accusing liberals of an "incurable optimism: a wrinkled smile left over from the eighteenth century." Alvin Johnson's liberalism is a case in point. Phrases such as "in the length of time it is fated that liberal democracy will prevail," or "liberal democratic instincts and traditions would have reasserted themselves" (if the democracies had been defeated in the war), are typical of the liberal's lapses into a possibly fatal optimism. Johnson is concerned, of course, with democratic dogma rather than with liberal criticism. And he seems to live up to Herbert Croly's requirement that "the fundamental duty of a critic in a democracy is to see that the results of these experiences are not misinterpreted and that the best interpretation is embodied in popular doctrinal form." However, Johnson's popularization is far removed from the currently widespread vulgarization and standardization of ideas which, if unchecked, will mean the death of serious criticism, and be necessarily followed by the death of liberalism.

The sincerity of Johnson's democratic faith, neither pious, argumentative nor final, contrasts sharply with the undoubtedly equally sincere, if often self-righteous, often ominous, Cassandra cries of Lewis Mumford. Mum-

[1] The Clock of History, by Alvin Johnson. New York: W. W. Norton. 253 pages. $3.

[2] Values for Survival, by Lewis Mumford. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 314 pages. $3.

[3] The Faith of a Liberal, by Morris R. Cohen. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 497 pages. $3.75.

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ford seems to forget that liberalism is an open house with many entrances. It is not and cannot afford to be exclusive. Yet, there is an air of exclusiveness, of having seen the light, about him. Mumford was ahead of his contemporaries when he exclaimed in 1938 that "fascism has already declared war." But his attacks on the "intellectual" and his distrust of the "scientist" are neither humble nor objective, but arrogant and self-congratulatory, particularly in view of his own many weaknesses.

Liberalism, Mumford asserts, has overemphasized the part played by political and mechanical invention, and "accordingly" minimized the role of instinct, tradition and history. Surely it would be childish to believe that, in Cohen's words, "by a few mechanical inventions or politico-economic changes we can create heaven on earth where men will be happy forever after." But it is equally childish for Mumford to say that "there are other modes of insight into human character and into the cosmos, which science does not possess." Quite apart from the fact that no intelligent person makes such a claim, Mumford's assertion approaches a sort of mysticism which critical liberalism cannot readily accept. Moreover, he is not consistent. If he finds it necessary to justify his prophecy of doom in the atomic age, Mumford does not hesitate to rely on the testimony of Sigmund Freud, who discovered a death wish in the heart of our civilization.

It is not easy to put one's finger on the source of Mumford's confusions and inconsistencies. His emphasis on the need for new moral values seems to have made him as color-blind to modern scientific method as liberals are, if his charge were true, to moral thinking. He recognizes that liberalism is constituted, apart from its ephemeral content, of universal elements which belong to a larger human tradition. He rejects the narrow Marxian identification of liberalism with capitalism. But he equates liberalism with an equally antiquated eighteenth-century science. In short, he confuses the temporary substance of liberalism with its critical approach to human affairs.

Morris Cohen is a congenial antidote to Johnson and Mumford. If he shares the former's faith in democracy and the latter's clarion call for values, he exceeds both in the rational and critical foundation of his liberalism. For Cohen, liberalism is expressly an attitude rather than a set of dogmas. It is a method which "is based on a critical attitude to all plausible and self-evident propositions. It seeks not to reject them, but to find out what evidence there is to support them rather than their possible alternatives. This open eye for possible alternatives, each to receive the same logical treatment before we can determine which is the best grounded, is the essence of liberalism in art, morals and politics." Cohen rejects as naïve, in a critique of Thurman Arnold's ideas, the popular myth that it is possible to observe facts without the working tools of theory. Whether he deals with the Kantian metaphysics of Felix Adler, or the Platonic moralism of Paul Elmer More, or the legal theories of Mr. Justice Holmes, or Marxian dialectics, or the tribal aspects of Zionism, or the injustices of capitalism, Cohen maintains a quiet, critical approach, praising where praise is in order and pulling no punches.

Cohen's liberalism, then, is the equivalent of criticism in human affairs. He does not have faith in the *inevitability* of progress but rather a faith in its *possibility*. Individualism

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and collectivism do not appear as fighting faiths behind which men rally to defend their integrity for all times and places, but as working hypotheses. What Cohen says of Benjamin N. Cardozo—"a man's philosophy, his view of life, grows out of his own experience at the same time that it reveals his work"—may also be said of him. For he has fulfilled the liberal critic's function as Herbert Croly understood it—not so much to be "the guide as the lantern which illuminates the path." Liberalism, indeed, is intellectually the most difficult faith to hold.

HEINZ EULAU

Germany from the Ruins

Experiment in Germany: The Story of an American Intelligence Officer, by Saul K. Padover. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 400 pages. $3.75.
America's Germany: An Account of the Occupation, by Julian Bach Jr. New York: Random House. 310 pages. $3.

THESE two books, taken together, give a reasonably comprehensive picture of the first year of the German occupation. Padover, whose job was to investigate German civilian attitudes for the Psychological Warfare Division of SHAEF, entered Germany in the wake of combat troops, spent nearly six months in the narrow strip of the Rhineland which was occupied in the autumn of 1944, followed the American spring offensive to the Elbe and its junction with the Russians, and finally crossed the German border westward-bound on V-E Day. Bach, on the other hand, left his infantry regiment in Belgium after V-E Day and served in Germany during the summer, autumn and early winter as a roving correspondent for the Army periodical, *Army Talks*. Between them, therefore, they are able to present an account, divided into two clearly defined chapters, of what went on in Germany from the very beginning right up to the end of 1945.

In terms of their preconceptions and attitudes, Padover and Bach are much alike. Neither likes Germany, and both feel strongly that all Germans share the guilt of the Nazi regime. This is one side of the coin; the other is a friendly attitude toward America's allies and Germany's victims and a pessimistic view of the future of the Reich. Here, however, the similarity between the two books ceases. *Experiment in Germany* is the work of a professional historian, familiar with the language and background of the country, who derives practically all his information from a painstaking study of indigenous sources. Bach, on the other hand, an American journalist by profession, appears to have no knowledge of the German language—to judge by the numerous mistakes he makes in transcribing names and phrases—and relies almost wholly on Military Government sources. Thus, while Padover's book will retain its value to students of the occupation, Bach's may best be regarded as an extended magazine article which is useful for its topicality but will rapidly depreciate in value.

Experiment in Germany is written in straightforward, lucid prose; it holds the reader's attention throughout; at times it is exciting, at others moving. For example, the description of Sachsenhausen, as told by the little Luxembourg chauffeur, Jean Chaussy, is a controlled and horrify-

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ing account of the infamies of the concentration camps. Or, to take another example, the portrait of the German Communist Josef Mohren who de-mined Wuerselen "to show a little bit of gratitude to the American liberators," is perhaps somewhat overdrawn, but it conveys better than chapters of general analysis the important truth that not all Germans bowed down or broke before the Hitlerite juggernaut. Finally, Padover has a fine appreciation of (and a deep contempt for) that spirit of philistinism which has made the German *Kleinbürger* by turns an arrogant conqueror and a whining bootlicker.

The reader of Padover's book, however, should constantly bear in mind that it deals almost entirely with a small section of the Rhineland in the earliest phase of the occupation. The region had been heavily bombed and fought over, and much of its population had been compulsorily evacuated into the interior. Those who, like the present reviewer, were charged with following German political and economic developments throughout this period as well as in the months after V-E Day soon found that experience in the Aachen district was not an altogether reliable guide to what would happen in Germany as a whole: the pattern of German reaction, about which something will be said below, changed as the front moved eastward from the Rhine; and the MG—partly, it is fair to add, as the result of the report on Aachen submitted by Padover and his colleagues in the PWD—learned to avoid some of the worst of its early blunders. Moreover, the reader should be cautioned against accepting at face value the estimates and conclusions which Padover sometimes builds on the basis of very meager data. His estimate that German military dead for the whole war period amount to less than 2.4 million and that therefore "the conclusion is inescapable that, in terms of human life, Germany fought a cheap war," is way off the mark. Latest Washington estimates of German casualties, based on records which have become available since V-E Day, place the figure of military dead (excluding air-raid victims) at slightly over five million. It is similarly misleading to present without critical evaluation an account of the conspiracy of July 20 which was given early in 1945 by a person who was only slightly involved. It is too bad that Padover did not check these early impressions, which had their value at the time they were formed, against the much more complete and reliable information that later became available.

America's Germany is neither very well written nor very profound. At the same time, however, it faithfully reflects the views of moderate and intelligent MG officers on the spot; it should help to correct certain misconceptions which sections of the American press have done much to foster; and its observations on the behavior and attitudes of the American occupying forces are on the whole sound and useful.

Bach does well to stress the vast bomb damage in German cities and the sharp decline which productive activity has suffered. There have certainly been too many sensational reports suggesting that German industry is practically intact and ready to supply the materials for a new war of conquest. And yet when he says that "the most significant fact about German industry is that it no longer exists," he is certainly going too far in the other direction. There is still plenty of productive capacity in Germany; the chief obstacles to its fuller utilization are shortages of fuel and transport and the division of the country into four

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more or less water-tight compartments. These obstacles are analyzed by Bach, but he apparently fails to appreciate that they are of a kind which, under favorable conditions, could be largely overcome in a matter of three or four years. It is therefore quite incorrect to say that "the possibility of German industry recovering to a point where it would be a new threat to peace is at present too remote for serious consideration." The British are already giving every indication of a strong interest in the rebuilding of German industrial strength, a move which would be the necessary first step in an effort to restore the old balance of power in European politics. It may be too early to worry, but it would surely be more prudent to hang up a few danger signals than to lull the American people into a false sense of security.

In its treatment of the various activities of the MG—in the fields of justice, education, press and radio, denazification, etc.—*America's Germany* reflects and supports the official view that a pretty good job has been done if due account is taken of the difficult conditions which have prevailed. And yet it is precisely such an apologia which, disposing—often successfully—of the common run of criticisms of the MG, brings out most clearly the essential aimlessness of American policy. It was already true long before World War I that monopoly capitalism had reached a stage of development in Germany which was no longer compatible with the social health of the German people or with the peace of the world. The revolution of 1918 failed to effect the necessary structural changes, and the result was Hitler and World War II. History has now posed the same problems again and has given the United States an opportunity to share directly in their solution. To read *America's Germany* is to realize that those who formulate and execute American policy have no sense of their responsibility, to say nothing of plans for discharging it.

It may well be asked whether the objective possibility of pursuing a bold and constructive policy has at any time existed in Germany. Is there the German human material to work on and through? It appears that both Padover and Bach would answer this question with an emphatic negative. And yet, in the opinion of this reviewer, this is a profoundly mistaken opinion. It is a curious fact, which certainly reflects on the adequacy of press reporting of the occupation, that the American public knows nothing about the proto-revolutionary movement which sprang up in city after city as the Allied armies swept eastward from the Rhine. Organizationally, this movement took the form of anti-fascist committees led in most cases by Communists or left-wing Social Democrats. These committees had a variety of local titles (*e.g.*, in Bremen *Kampfgemeinschaft gegen den Faschismus*, in Leipzig *Nationalkomitee Freies Deutschland*, etc.), but they soon became widely known under the generic name of Antifa (for anti-fascist). In many cases they undertook direct action against Nazis, resisting notorious local bosses, confiscating food hoards and evicting party members from their houses in favor of the bombed-out. This reviewer attended a meeting in Bremen two weeks after the fall of the city at which were gathered some 70 or 80 representatives of district groups with a total membership of several thousand. Most of those present were workingmen with pre-1933 political

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experience; anyone listening to their impassioned discussion could not doubt for a moment that their hatred of Nazism was much more personal and profound than that of Americans who have never experienced it and yet find it so easy to moralize about the guilt of all the German people.

But the Antifa movement never got a chance to develop. Direct action against Nazis was, in the view of the MG, "illegal" and subversive of law and order. Buildings which had been seized for headquarters (in Bremen the building which had belonged to the Labor Front) were taken over by the MG. In many cases the organizations were suppressed out of hand; American (and British) officers weren't going to have anyone telling *them* how to run their business; and besides, how could you be sure that these weren't Nazi outfits in disguise? The result was that within a month or so most of the Antifas, deprived of the possibility of functioning openly and being in principle opposed to the formation of an underground movement against the Allies, dropped out of the picture. When political activity was once again permitted, it ran for the most part into the old party channels. It is this reviewer's considered judgment that the Antifas represented the beginnings of a genuine revival of working-class revolutionary activity, and that their strangulation gave the played-out politicos of the Weimar period a new opportunity to divide the workers and to reinstate themselves in party and trade-union bureaucracies. The result is that America's Germany, as seen by such observers as Bach, appears to be politically apathetic and quite incapable of following a constructive path. Even meager reports from the Soviet zone, however, suggest that the Russians have followed a different policy from that of the Western powers; when the full story of Russia's Germany is told, it may well turn out that there is more vitality and energy in the country than Americans have ever suspected. (Incidentally, the failure of so keen an observer as Padover even to mention the Antifa movement is to be explained by its total absence on the left bank of the Rhine during the initial phases of the occupation before the definitive collapse of Nazi power.)

One complaint in conclusion: Padover's book has no chapter headings, no table of contents and no index. It could be a valuable reference book; but as it stands, no one who hasn't read it can tell what's in it, and even one who has read it can't find what he knows is there.

PAUL M. SWEEZY

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Civilized Nomad

Lafcadio Hearn, by Vera McWilliams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 465 pages. $3.

THE USUAL EXCUSE of popular biographers, that their hero has been neglected or misunderstood, is scarcely warranted in this case; for Lafcadio Hearn, whose career was an ever curious search for literary material, ended by becoming an object of curiosity—and controversy—on the part of other writers. No minor writer, during the first quarter of the twentieth century, was more extravagantly overvalued by connoisseurs of style, collectors of esoterica and critics as well. More recent, more realistic standards have inevitably and justly deflated his vogue. Since he mixed his colors with an artificial pigment, they were predisposed to fade. And esthetic impressionism is no longer the mood in which we approach his favorite subject, Japan. We cannot blame Hearn for the fact that East and West still remain aloof; but having volunteered to interpret them to each other, he was handicapped by his failure to master the Japanese language, and even more by his tendency to stress the little odd details while ignoring the large common problems. He had been more effective, during his American newspaper days, as an interpreter of French naturalism and symbolism; but Flaubert, Gautier and the others he introduced could more eloquently speak for themselves, while Hearn moved on with characteristic restlessness to remoter fields.

In a world so self-consciously unified as ours, for a generation so widely traveled as that which is now returning from its travels, it is doubtful whether his works will regain their elusive charm—the charm that the exotic holds for the sedentary. A new book about him, in order to justify its existence, would have to be much more thoughtfully conceived and carefully written than this one. It would depend more on choice of words and less on exclamation points; it would be better informed on Hearn's various backgrounds and not so ready to accept his tall tales at their face value. Discarding the usual apologetics, it would honor him for his role as a cultural intermediary; frankly recognizing the triviality of his writing, it would analyze him, psychologically and sociologically, as an extreme example of the strained relations between the writer and his

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environment. An acute realization of this predicament is implicit in every nuance and cadence Hearn wrote; it becomes explicit when he describes himself as "the civilized nomad whose wanderings are not prompted by hope of gain, nor determined by pleasure, but simply impelled by certain necessities of his being—the man whose inner secret nature is totally at variance with the stable conditions of a society to which he belongs only by accident. . . ."

The direction of more recent literature is pointed by Hemingway's text from Donne: "No man is an island." But, if ever a man were an island, it would be Hearn. Born in the isles of Greece to a native mother, he was brought up by his father's family in Ireland. Of the twenty years during which he inhabited this hemisphere, the two happiest were spent in the West Indies. Though Japan remained his ultimate destination, had his health not failed him he might conceivably have sought further archipelagos. He was further isolated by his hybrid parentage, his slight stature and his impaired eyesight. To what extent did these stigmata compel him, we should like to know, toward Tennyson's vista of a summer isle, a savage woman and a dusky race? Searching for local color as a cub reporter in Cincinnati, he had found it with a vengeance; to escape the social consequences of a more or less legal marriage with a mulatto, he had fled—to New Orleans and southward. Ultimately, by taking a Japanese wife and being adopted into her Samurai household, the nonconformist made the supreme gesture of conformity and the homeless bohemian found a rigidly formalized home, where lotus—as Hearn told his friends—was "a common article of diet." Not even Ezra Pound condemned himself more relentlessly to the vicious circle of artistic expatriation.

One of the nostalgic touches, which Mrs. McWilliams deems it pertinent to quote, is a description of Messrs. Houghton Mifflin as "essentially a *literature* firm." The italics are Hearn's.

HARRY LEVIN

A Reader's List

PLANNING No. 246. A Program and a Purpose (Political and Economic Planning. Available through the *New Republic*, 25 cents). PEP presents here its prospectus for future research. The editors project studies in international trade, economic reconstruction, manpower, resources, population policies, industrial relations and motives in a democratic society. They hope to show why conditions of world trade enforce a policy of self-deprivation; they believe that thoughtful reconstruction can create economic ties that will build a Europe where "national sovereignty may seem a valuable expression of a national tradition . . . rather than a menace to peaceful economic life"; they know that manpower budgets are essential for meaningful planning. An important phase of PEP's program will be the study of trade-union structure and its relation to democratic ways. The basic theme in all reports will be the importance of planning, for "in an imperfect society, in a semi-educated society, in a society distorted by the social revolution of the nineteenth century and twice in a generation forced into a specialized fighting attitude, some planning from the center is necessary."

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New Republic News

Printing takes time. As this column is being pounded out in the office, last week's issue with its FDR memorial supplement is only just hitting the newsstands. We therefore can't report as yet on the sale except to say that early indications are that it will break all records in *New Republic* history. If you are a newsstand buyer, and arrived after they were all gone, send 15 cents to the *New Republic*, 40 East Forty-ninth Street, New York 17, for your copy. See special announcement elsewhere in this issue about buying in quantities.

• • •

Last week's issue contained a "Statement of Faith" by the editors of the *New Republic*. For those who may have missed it, we repeat it here:

"We publish the *New Republic* because we believe with all our will and all our strength that the liberal spirit of America is the hope of the world.

"Militant liberalism is our passion and our faith. We want to lead in the struggle for true freedom and for lasting peace.

"We believe that true freedom requires effective democratic government able to provide the opportunity for a full life for all of its citizens.

"We believe that lasting peace requires a strong world organization. We will work for full support of the United Nations, and for the strengthening of the United Nations by the common action of its members, until it is able to enforce peace, and to abolish the causes of war.

"We are independent. We stand for no one individual, group or nation, right or wrong. We reassert our right to criticize as a basic democratic right. We believe in the Four Freedoms and in One World. We will support forces which work with these principles, and criticize those which work against them, whether they be Soviet or American, progressive or conservative.

"We will be militant. We recognize that independence is not a final aim. We will do everything within our power to create from the liberal spirit of our people a liberal movement, organized for political action and conscious of its responsibility to the world.

"We will not bind ourselves to any rigid doctrine or party. We fought for the principles of Franklin Roosevelt in the past. We will go on fighting for those principles, determining our political stand by political means.

"This is our covenant with the readers of the *New Republic* that we intend to keep. We are in earnest. We will not equivocate. We will not excuse, and we will be heard!

"(Signed) Bruce Bliven, George Soule, Michael Straight, Stark Young."

• • •

With this issue, our readers will see a few changes in the makeup of the magazine. The table of contents and list of editors are moved from the early part of the paper to this page, which seems to us a more logical place for them. "Washington Wire," by our famous and mysterious "T. R. B.," will be found immediately following the editorials, and is followed in turn by a recently inaugurated department, "Political Roundup."

• • •

This week two editors went to Washington to discuss the editorial section with a group of top Washington journalists. They gave us a great many fine suggestions that we're going to try to carry out.

For three months we've been trying to make the *NR* a livelier, more readable paper. That's what 2,000 *NR* readers told us they wanted us to do. The next step is to make the reading matter more vital and worth while.

Self-criticism is the password in the *NR* now. We're trying to make the *NR* indispensable to many more people. We intend to add feature after feature to the *NR* as fast as we can.

• • •

The most important subject in the world today, in all probability, is control of the atomic bomb. Is the United Nations as at present organized really competent to exercise that control? Does the veto power in the Security Council make such control impossible? In the near future we shall publish an important article on this subject by Thomas H. Mahoney, chairman of the Massachusetts State Federation on World Government.

• • •

Harry Levin, who reviews the biography of Lafcadio Hearn in this issue, is an associate professor of English Literature at Harvard whose reviews frequently appear in our pages.

Paul M. Sweezy, who reviews two books on Germany, recently completed two years with the cloak and dagger boys, the OSS, the latter part of which was spent in Germany.

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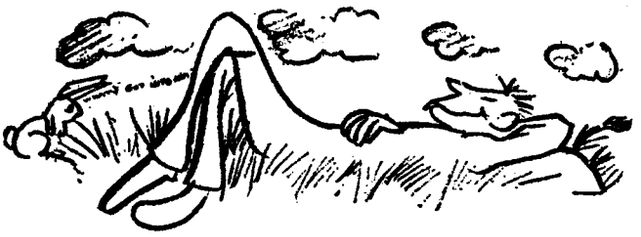

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